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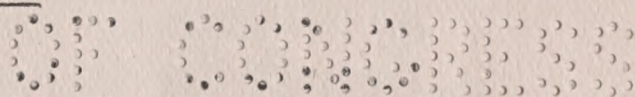
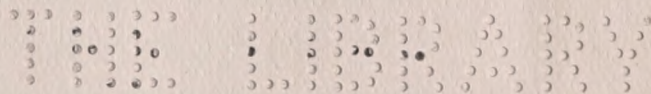


A FAIRY TALE

*HOW CUPID HELPED
THE LITTLE CROWN
PRINCE OF FAIRYLAND*

OR

The Origin of Dimples

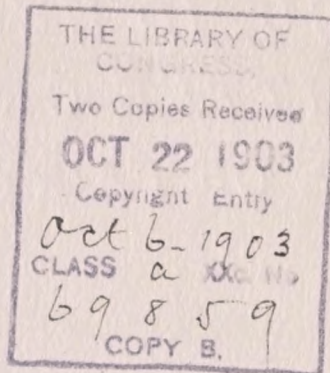


By *LOTTIE H. TAFT.*

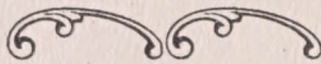
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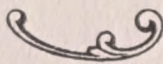
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Fairy Tales

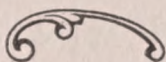


*Dedicated to Cupid, the Wee God of Love,
and all the tiny dimpled darlings
in the world.*



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A Fairy Tale



HE was a little German Princess, destined for an English Prince. She had bright, dark brown eyes, golden curls and a roseleaf skin. And she also had four golden summers and a shower of dimples all over her.

“Do you want me to tell you how dimples grew?” queried the American visitor, at whom she stared with very round eyes.

The yellow curls bobbed an assent, and the lips, like Cupid’s bow, puckered up like a little bag with a draw string.

“Why! the little Crown Prince of Fairyland had no wife and wept because of it;” commenced the American lady, smiling. “He had buds and bees and flower-blooms; he had thistle-down and honey-pots; he had fairy ponies and chariots; he had rose-lined air-baskets to float the star-gemmed sky of Fairyland in; he had little winged fairies to play with, fire-flies to amuse him, fairy tartlets of lemon freeze for mid-day luncheon; chocolate drops grew upon the tree boughs like chestnuts; ice cream and delicate patty-pan cakes were his at will, and spiced nectar is only drink, but—he wept. Wept bitterly for the little princess that was not. Just as though he was not Crown Prince of all Fairyland, but only a very human little boy.

His parents mourned; for lo! his must be the task to replenish Fairyland with Crown Fairies for all time to come. No common task, for he was no common fairy, or no common mortal prince, but Crown Prince of Fairyland!

They sent abroad wise men to select, with great wisdom and judgment, a Fairy Princess meet enough for their little Crown Prince. But the wise men merely scanned heaven, looking no nearer earth than the nearest star for the fairy—and we all know the nearest star is a long way off. They scanned the heavens from center to circumference, scanning the milky way intently, thinking *there* surely would they find the little Princess.

But cold stars twinkled and winked at them and the sturdy old planets shook their heads, saying solemnly: 'We have plenty of angels, but no fairies in heaven.' And the frisky little solar dipper shook its handle and said the same thing. Whereupon the grim old solar bear echoed sternly this counsel: 'You must look to earth for earthly happiness and not bother heaven with it, lest in having too great an interest in earth we lean forward and, losing our balance, tumble down upon the earth.'

Now, when the wise men heard this they marvelled much and were sore afraid, and they ran home as fast as their wise old legs could take them, fearing lest it would happen any way, and disliking to tempt Providence.

They even misunderstood the planets, and, misinterpreting, counseled the parents to abandon the search for the little princess at once, saying: "'Twas forbidden of God and that he was not to have this one forbidden fruit.' Even quoting scripture to that effect.

But the little boy cried for his princess.

The parents were sore troubled and pondered a long time, and then again consulted the wise men and questioned them closely.

And taking hope and courage that, although the fairies might not be in heaven, they *might* be still upon earth, they sent out great armies of men of great courage and brave, armed with sword and shield, helmet and battle-ax.

But they found only close-barred turret castle, towering high above close-bolted gates of the cities whose walls were inaccessible.

Now, as they had only come for a princess, and not for battle and bloody war, they silently and sadly withdrew, to again disappoint their king and queen and to set the little Crown Prince to weeping afresh.

The queen, at this, took counsel with her maid, who was very wise and gifted with keen insight and magic; and she besought her to send forth an ambassador, suave and guileful, because oft-times by diplomacy and sweet persuasion could victory be gained when and where battle-ax might fail, especially as the fairy battle-axes were not very large.

Now all this seemed plausible to the queen and also to the king. So they sent ambassadors to all the countries round about Fairyland--ambassadors bold, fearless and true, who loved their king and queen and the little Crown Prince.

But, like many noble, true men, they thought only of their beloved country and of the responsibilities, dignities and honors it had placed upon them, and felt shy about love affairs, and so hesitated, making business a pretext and thinking to

await chance to urge forward their little Crown Prince's cause.

Now this is not the true way to make love and gain Princesses, either little, big, mundane or fairy, as it so proved, for they succeeded in all they undertook save the cause for which they were sent.

They made peace and good will from all countries toward Fairyland. They even enlarged the boundaries of Fairyland, all being eager for it to invade their limits. This wish was so universal as to be wellnigh a unanimous proclamation.

They widened the borders of Fairyland to such an extent that they were appalled and hurried home in an ecstasy of pride and delight to lay their trophies of friendliness at the feet of their beloved rulers, who listened earnestly.

But when they had ceased their recital, the queen spoke, asking, with a troubled face, if they had brought word of the little Princess.

They threw up their hands and rolled up their eyes. They had actually *forgotten* all about it!!

The queen wept.

The little Crown Prince howled.

The king frowned.

The gentlemen-of-the-bed-chamber shook their heads.

The ladies-in-waiting sighed.

But the statesmen were not altogether cast down, because they thought they had done their duty and achieved a great triumph and benefit, for they had enlarged Fairyland.

The queen again took counsel with her maid, who consulted an ancient magic bracelet, and—throwing salt upon it and piercing rose leaves and

not being able to see anything through them but the salt before mentioned—she consulted her wits which helped her out a second time with an inspiration which at first appearance seemed so cute, so cunningly devised and feasible that the queen sobbed with joy in her arms.

Put into words it was nothing more nor less than this : To send the sweetest, neatest, dainties, handsomest *beaux* in all Fairyland to the courts of all the countries round about, and there, amid maids and matrons, select *this* for which they sought !

The king smiled and pronounced favorably upon the plan.

The lords and ladies-in-waiting fluttered about congratulating each other.

Again the little Crown Prince dried his eyes, grown red with weeping, and, playing with the rose leaves, waited.

There was much ado and commotion in Fairyland getting ready, selecting and priming the beaux to be sent.

The queen, wishing to repair, if possible, the mistakes she had previously made, would have none but the most bewilderingly fascinating, the most heart-enthraling fairy beaux to be had, as well as the most magnetically hypnotic.

Now this caused weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth—or rather pearls, for fairies don't have teeth—as it always does when love affairs are handled by any save the two principal constituents thereof.

For these same beaux left a vacuum in Fairyland, as is generally the case when the most fascinating beau leaves *any* fairyland.

But the belles of Fairyland must needs dry

their tears, lest they bring a flood upon Fairyland and wash it all away. The lake of glass and the pink water, where the fairy buds grow and the maidens steal to meet their lovers by fairy moonlight, rose to such an extent that they had to build a dam of gauze and fasten the floodgate thereof with a padlock of pink pearls, lest it overflow the queen's bed of pink cabbages of which she was very fond, but whose natural color she disliked; so, lest it offend her, each leaf was painted some delicate scene or color, making it a delight to behold, hence the reason why they did not wish it to be inundated and thereby destroyed.

The procession of gallant knights and courtiers at last set sail in a fairy air-boat of silver and rose-colored cloud riveted together with diamond screws delicately and wonderfully fashioned by fairy workmen skilled in the art; and the sails thereof were of sunlight sprinkled with star dust, gorgeous to behold; the spars of which were solid shafts of sunlight, held in place by glistening ropes of purest silver cobweb starred with the teardrops of the weeping fairies whose gallant knights were going afar, and spun, not by plebian spiders, but by fairy maids, coy and sweet, from the same webs which they wove to entrap the ones they loved best. No other webs than these were pronounced, by the fairy sailmakers, strong enough to withstand other planetary attractions. The monogram and crest of the fairies, and also the private one of the king and queen were encrusted with jewels upon the bow. The pennant and national flag of the fairies waved proudly from the masthead. This flag was composed of all the loveliest, faithful glances which were ever bestowed upon the king and queen by their devoted

subjects. The pennant was made of the loveliest of all the love glances which the king had bestowed upon the queen in their courtship, and which she had graciously loaned for this occasion.

As the last gallant entered the fairy maids severed the cable which held it to Fairyland. There was a scramble for the last look and the lovebuds, much as though it had been a mere common earthly excursion. As the fairy air-boats slowly floated aloft, the anchor and cables, composed of flowers, were drawn in, the fairies waving their handkerchiefs like a minature perfumed sea.

And all the masculine fairies cheered the star-gemmed float and doffed their hats. (The fairies wore hats fashioned of twinkling diamond stars).

All the banners of Fairyland were unfurled.

And all the nobles and gentry gathered around about the little Crown Prince, tendering him their congratulations and shaking hands with him and bowing most reverently to the king and queen.

But fairies must find, as in more commonplace love affairs, there are contingencies and unexpected emergencies, brought on by conditions, circumstances and characteristics which make caution preferable to conviction; or, as one stated it, 'The best laid plans o' mice an' men aft gang alee.' To use a Yankeeism, 'Best not crow until you get out of the woods.'

But the dear little fairies did not know all this. No one does until afterwards.

Now the rose-colored knights from Fairyland were hailed with much ado and delight by all countries. Even mighty kings and queens bent

the knee before them and, listening, gave heed to their speech.

But alack! alas! The gallant knights from Fairyland found so much to admire and fall in love with, that they forgot all about the poor little Crown Prince at home, and, thinking he was young and could wait, *they* 'made hay while the sun shone.'

They wine and dined, feted and feasted until they grew well nigh corpulent.

They sent home glowing accounts to Fairyland, but, wily as any common beau, they said they were waiting for the crowning star of this diadem to appear.

For a time the queen read these tidings with great joy; but, as time wore on she grew restless and ceased reading them to the king.

The descriptions of these great beauties and pleasant times shook all Fairyland to the foundation; even the flower cups were so agitated as to tremble.

But by-and-by her woman's intuition made her serious and increased her understanding.

Besides this, her maid had been able to see something besides salt through her rose leaves.

But the queen waited patiently; more patiently than did the little Crown Prince.

By-and-by the naughty knights from Fairyland grew homesick; as naughty knights will. They had eaten enough and danced enough and played enough, and wanted to be taken home.

There was sad lamentation among all the court dames and beauties, for never had they met such perfection of courtly grace and dignity, such fascinating, thrilling witchery in all the wide

circle of their lives, as were in these brave knights of Fairyland.

But the ungallant, ungrateful knights, instead of being flattered and proud thereof, were rather bored; and scarce remembering the little Crown Prince and the much-needed Princess, hied away home with homesick alacrity, playing the Fairies' National hymn with undue gusto and ardor.

Now great and plausible was the recital, and great was the queen's patience in listening thereto; but when 'twas finished and the knights were awaiting her gracious leave to arise from bended knee (for they were perspiring violently) she asked them gravely 'If they had not broken the first commandment.'

For you know, in Fairyland, the first commandment is: 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.'

They wept many tears and made many protestations, but confessed candidly that they had had such a *good time* 'that they clean forgot the rest.'

Now no cruelties are practiced in Fairyland, so they met no dire punishment, only the sad, grieved eyes of the queen and the tears of the dear little Crown Prince, which was quite sorrow enough for them. And they didn't wear a gay-colored necktie, nor cull a fairy bloom, nor pay a compliment, for the sad space of several hours; and everybody knows how *dreadful* that was.

And all were urgent for them to cheer up, and pick up courage to cheer the others, who were all downhearted and dispirited and despondent, not only on account of the gallant knights' shortcomings, and the consequent sorrow of the potentates, but, also, because they hadn't paid them any

compliments; and you know it is pitiful to see a fairy broken hearted.

Even the king relented and besought them earnestly to lift the mental crape from Fairyland.

So, soon all Fairyland was aglow and a glitter with fairy lamps and fireflies, gay diamond and jeweled stars cut from the tails of comets which wagged too near Fairyland. Some had been cut by the queen's own scissors. And sweet, happy, gaily dressed, flower-decked fairies fluttered hither and thither, bearing wands and blending with the delicate tints of Fairyland into scenes of exquisite beauty.

Even the queen smiled and the king frowned less and less.

But the dear little Prince sat by his little flowerbed of pinks and blue eyed forget-me-nots and wept.

Now Cupid, chancing to pass through Fairyland, spied him and questioned the cause of his grief.

The dear little Prince told him the doleful story: 'There was no little Fairy Princess for him in all Fairyland! They had sought afar and the soldiers sent, but found bars and bolts.'

Cupid laughed.

'The statesmen sent were clumsy and didn't know how to make love,' continued the grieved little Prince dolefully.

Cupid put his little thumb to his little nose and wagged it.

'The wise men sent caught glimpse of not one single fairy in all the heavens.'

Cupid giggled and skipped.

'And the beaux sent had flirted and larked and loved and had left him to mourn alone.'

Now Cupid, being short on reverence (as all Cupids are) rolled himself about upon the pinks and blue-eyes, gathering up their perfume and girding it all about him.

‘Why do you mock me?’ queried the little Prince angrily. “I am seriously heartbroken. Have you ever been in love?” sorrowfully.

‘Oh! a great many times,’ said Cupid, honestly. I am *always* in love. I wouldn’t be out of love for anything, for without love there is no happiness.’

‘Then you know how unhappy I am,’ sobbed the little Prince, ‘for I have never been in love.’

Now upon this Cupid took compassion upon him, and, promising to aid him, prepared to run away.

‘Nay, stay!’ cried the little Prince, detaining him. ‘How shall I know but you will play me false like my own people did? Surely, surely, if the heroes and beaux from Fairyland cannot withstand temptation, how can I depend on a little boy like you?’

But Cupid protested valliantly, swearing by his little cross-bow and darts; and the little Prince would fain believe in him, knowing well, or fearing, that it was like unto the case of the plebian Monsieur Hobson, of whom he had heard. Still detaining Cupid, for strange to say, though he scarce had confidence in him, he liked to have him around (like unto common mortals). He parleyed with him, saying:

‘How know I but you will keep the prettiest one for yourself and bring me only a real homely one who will scold me when I smile upon my little comrade fairies at play?’

‘Oh!’ said Cupid coolly, ‘I shall not *bring*

her to you at *all*. I will only *find* her for you, and, leaving my mark upon her, will leave it for *you* to find and bring her home when you have grown to manhood.'

This interested the little Prince greatly, but, like lots of other princes, he would like to have had his wishes granted at once.

But Cupid argued stoutly that if she were grown up she would not scold him if he played with his little fairy comrades, for, being grown up himself, he would not play with them.

Now this sounded plausible enough, for he loved his little playmates dearly.

'But how shall I know her when I see her?' queried he, his sorrow already half assuaged by the anticipation of a journey into that world which the gallant beaux had described so admiringly.

'I will shoot her with my little cross-bow and arrow,' said wily Cupid, 'and it will leave a mark, and by that mark ye shall know her.'

But the little Prince was in distress lest the arrow strike some fatal spot and she die and leave him forever lonely. And his tears burst out afresh.

But Cupid assured him he would only hit her in the chin and in both cheeks, promising faithfully not to hit her in the heart, leaving that for him to do.

'But I am afraid her face will be all scarred up,' said the little Prince, only half mollified.

But Cupid argued that his scars were always invisible and 'twould only leave a little dent in the cheek and chin the size of a pearl for him to lay his little finger in.

'Oh, ho!' laughed the little Prince delighted. 'Dent pearls! My mamma has one in her chin and I have often put my little finger into it.'

'I shot it there,' said Cupid stoutly. 'And that is how the fairy king knew his fairy queen.'

'I don't think you were born then,' said the little Prince, eying him soberly, 'I wasn't and I am larger than you.'

But Cupid ignored the reflection upon his age, for, like a great many people, he wanted to appear and be thought young, but he wanted all the respect and deference due to great age and wisdom.

Wishing to turn the subject and not caring to explain, he said: 'Now I may find a great many very sweet little fairies, nobly fit to mate with thee, so I this covenant will make with you'—piling up a little pile of crystal pebbles and sprinkling them with dew from the heart of a flower-cup. 'She who is very sweet, pure and lovable I will shoot an arrow in her chin; she who is *extra* lovable, sweet and pure I will shoot an arrow in each cheek; but she who is for *you* will have one in each cheek and also one upon the chin.'

'But supposing she should be a great deal *more* extra lovable than *that?*' shouted the little Prince, carried away with the idea.

'Then I will aim at the corners of her sweet little lips,' laughed Cupid, showing his own dimples therein.

'And couldn't you find room for still more?' inquired the little boy earnestly.

'Her little hands are all that would be bare of her,' said Cupid, shaking his head.

'The insides of them wouldn't show, just the outside,' cautioned the little Prince.

'Yes,' assented Cupid.

‘And her shoulders!’ cried the Prince, turning a summersault.

But, bringing himself up suddenly and detaining Cupid, who was about to fly off: “How do I know you will *do* all this?” he demanded sternly for so little a fellow.

‘I give you my arrow to shoot me with when I come back if I fail of my errand,’ spoke Cupid, giving the little Crown Prince a twinkling gem-jewel of rose color and of the ethereal softness of eiderdown, softly charged with the most delicious electricity and sweetened with an Angel’s kiss.

‘I shouldn’t think it would *hurt* much,’ said the little boy, testing it and not noticing that without the cross-bow the little arrow cannot fly.

Cupid laughed knowingly. ‘It kills, sometimes,’ he said softly.

‘Poisonous?’ said the little Prince, throwing it down.

‘Sometimes,’ laughed Cupid wickedly.

‘When? How?’ spoke the little boy softly, picking it up again, kissing it and holding it caressingly in his hand. ‘I love it already.’

‘Wait!’ he calls, as Cupid flies away. You need a passport.’

But Cupid laughs at locksmiths.

‘What rank have you?’ called the little boy. ‘Your name?’

But Cupid laughed at rank and name and naughty Cupid flew away.

The little boy ran to his mother, and, showing her the arrow, told her all about his interview with the little unknown Cupid.

And when his mother heard that Cupid had the finding of her little son’s Princess in charge, she smiled well content, and bid him be of good

cheer, he would well be happy if he followed Cupid's dart. But when he asked her about the dent pearl in her chin she smiled and blushed, and, glancing up at the king standing by, said: 'ask him.'

'Yes, 'twas by that mark I found you,'s poke the king, bending over and kissing the queen upon the pearl's dent.

'Oh!' shouted the little boy, almost losing his little arrow in his haste to get out and dance upon the green, 'all hail to dent pearls! dent pearls!'

Now all the little fairies took up the cry and joined in the dance without quite knowing what they were saying, or why they rejoiced.

And, in time, the cry grew to demp pearls and then to dimples, which it has remained ever since.

And all the fairies made an image of Cupid from the sifted and condensed likeness and sweetness of all the Fairyland beaux, and called it the god of love, and crowned him with roses and worshipped at his shrine; and I don't think that even our great big God was very angry at them. I think he only smiled and said: 'Fairies will be fairies.' And, after all, God is love.

Meanwhile, Cupid in his search, found so many dear little girls who were sweet, pure and lovable, that the twang of his little cross-bow was heard throughout the land—for Cupid, you know, can find charms hidden to even the most discerning mortals.

And those who heard the twang of his little cross-bow looked about them curiously, knowing well that fairy brownies and their ilk do flit about, brewing sad havoc among lives with love spells and magic.

But only when Cupid did withdraw his arrow

from the little chins did they discover the mischief he had wrought, for the dear little girls ran to their mothers in sad grief and tears for them to heal Cupid's wound with a kiss; for we all know that that is the only way to heal such wounds, which might prove fatal otherwise; and finding the dimple they kissed it oft, knowing full well that the god of love, or some such sprite, had not left such a bewitching mark as that for no purpose.

As time wore on, Cupid drifted and floated, now here, now there, sending a scattering rattle of arrows into older hearts by the wayside, for Cupid, you know, will be Cupid in spite of everything, and is a bit wicked at times, but I believe the elders *liked* it, no matter how rattled they felt, for they had all learned what Cupid knew full well, that we can all love many times when we are grown and not take it amiss.

Now as he drifted and floated, now among rosebuds, now among heather bells, now among eiderdown cribs, he found those who were *extra* sweet, pure and lovable, and so both dear little cheeks had to suffer as well.

By-and-by he found those who were a great deal *more* than extra sweet, pure and lovable, and into their cheeks, chin and rosebud lips he shot his naughty arrows, sometimes brushing away their tears with the mantle of fragrance he had brought with him from the garden of the Fairy Prince.

And at night, as they lay in their downy beds, Cupid came and trod upon the counterpane, cogitating within himself which should be for the Fairy Prince; for to tell the truth they were *all* so sweet and lovable, and you know Cupid is no respecter of persons or parsons. And as he stood there, the tiny hands and e'en the snow white

shoulders caught his arrows from the cross-bow sent. And sometimes they moaned a bit in their sleep, as people will when Cupid, all unknown, holds sway and makes havoc with his shafts—for Cupid's wounds are hard to bear e'en in dreams and dreamland. But he kissed them all away himself, bringing smiles—for smiles and tears are all the same to Cupid--and, lest he stay too long--for Cupid has a horror of dwelling long even upon the most enchanting grace, (ungrateful withal) liking variety and spice, uncertainty being necessary to him--he flew away and away. And, tired of nothing to do, and a bit bored with innocence, and purity, he looked about him prepared for almost any hap.

'Ah! here's a go,' cooed naughty Cupid, creeping cautiously forward, in and out between the star-gemmed grass blades and drawing his mantle of fragrance about him, lest the dampness of the dew cause him to contract 'la grippe.' 'Ah! here's a go.'

'Twas a larger princess and she had found her fairy prince, of which fact *he* was more sure than she. Sometimes men *are* more sure of things than women and sometimes *vice versa*.

Do you know what *vice versa* is? inquired the American lady of the round eyed little German Princess."

"It's when you put a tat upside down," she answered, reversing pussy to exemplify her remark.

The lady smiled and continued:

"Now Cupid does not like to see people *too* sure of anything; either too sure they *do* want some one, as in the man's case, or too sure they *do not* want some one, as in the woman's case. So he teased them both until they didn't know

whether they wanted each other or not, or somebody else, or not, and they didn't know what was the matter with themselves anyway.

Now it came to pass that the poor, pretty lady cried, and the gallant, adoring knight waxed vehement and argumentative. He gesticulated wildly, as men will when their coolness and reason are leaving them. In so doing he broke the string to Cupid's little cross-bow.

Cupid, in a fright, set about to mend it. A very hard task to do when you take into consideration Cupid's bow string is made of a narrow, thread-like glint of starlight, shot from one particular star, and that star—the lover's star—has to be in just the right condition or it cannot work the miracles and magic which is its due.

As Cupid hunted for this particular star-beam the knight again fell at the lady's feet pleading most earnestly to let him love her, e'en if she slew him.

When Cupid returned, successful, from his search, the knight had the lady in his arms and she was weeping softly upon his shoulder.

'They'll have it made up before I can get this mended,' growled Cupid, sitting cross-legged, mending his little bow.

Now it chanced that Cupid was a true prophet, for, in his search for the star-beam he had gotten another tangled in his hair and didnt know it. It was a beam from the star of Prophecy, called by the Magi, Shadow-light, because, when this star is in aphelion, coming events cast their shadows before, but when in perihelion it casts them behind, or aft.

And 'twas even so. Before Cupid got his little bow mended they had 'made up;' showing

'twere best to always make up quickly, lest Cupid's bow, or some other, part people forever.

Cupid frowned.

'Oh! I feel as though I had offended the god of love!' exclaimed the knight, holding the lady still closer.

(So he had, for Cupid was frowning furiously, but not in the manner in which he thought, or meant).

'They're making up too easily,' grumbled Cupid. 'I haven't had any fun.'

'I shall never, *never* quarrel with you again, beloved,' cooed the knight, softly caressing the many places where the dimples ought to be.

Cupid smiled. 'Wait till my little cross-bow is fixed and *then* see!' he muttered, 'for in whosoever's name I shoot, he or she shall be thy love.'

'O, let us away!' sobbed the lady. 'This place grieves me. In it I have seen my greatest sorrow.'

'And greatest bliss?' queried the knight, looking roguishly down into her upturned eyes.

'My greatest bliss shall be when I am your wife,' she murmured softly.

Now upon this the knight again kissed her and vowed she should; whilst Cupid, stopping to look, forgot his little cross-bow and let them get away.

'Well, I guess that was true love, anyhow,' he said, consoling himself, 'and they didn't need me.'

Showing 'tis always well, if possible, to get along without a third party in love affairs, even Cupid—and true love really can if let alone and not tortured. And it also showed 'tis best to find some

consolation in every disappointment, as did Cupid in this.

'Better luck next time!' he shouted triumphantly, kicking his little pink legs preparatory to taking a fly.

Now Cupid longed to try his little cross-bow to see if it would work, so, seeing an aged couple he took careful aim to hit the mark.

Ping -- went the arrow, hitting the old lady.

'My sakes!' she exclaimed, looking up brightly at the old gentleman. But the old gentleman hadn't been hit, so dozed unconsciously on, in a deep revery.

"I feel just as young and lovesick as when I was a girl!" said the old lady, beaming at him through her specks.

'Oh, yes! it's well to dwell a bit on old times,' returns the old gentleman, rousing himself indifferently.

Unheeding, Cupid stood twanging his bow-string. Finding it grown a bit loose he waits to stay it.

The old man lapsed into silence.

Twang! again went the bow-string.

'Ah, yes!' exclaimed the old gentleman, looking up and brushing his cheek, shot red by the glancing arrow. 'How young and pretty you look, my dear,' he exclaimed, bending down and kissing her withered cheek. 'What a long time we have been married, and yet I feel as young and rose-colored and romantic as when a lad. Do you remember how I tried to kiss you through the hedge and we both got scratched?'

'It works,' quoth Cupid softly, capering off.

Now as he twinkled away it came to pass he came upon a dear little girl who was just taking

her bath. She was so beautiful! She had bright brown eyes," said the lady, smiling, "and golden curls and a little, round, alabaster form, whose whiteness showed she must be white and pure all the way through. There wasn't a blemish upon her anywhere.

'Oh! *That's* for the little Crown Prince of Fairyland,' exclaimed Cupid excitedly, and seizing his ever ready cross-bow, he commenced aiming his arrows.

The little girl looked all around to see where the arrows could come from; chin, cheeks, corners of her lips and e'en her tiny hands were full.

'Oh! isn't he tunning! Isn't he *tweet!*' she cried, spying Cupid and his little cross-bow and running toward him with both arms outstretched.

Now Cupid, not wishing to be captured—for, as we have said before, no matter how great the charm, no Cupid wishes to remain long in a place—and fearing lest he succumb and be captured because of this little princess' charms, he shot his darts at her little twinkling feet, thereby staying her progress.

Now this was too bad. The little girl turned weeping to her mother, showing Cupid's many wounds, and crying aloud against them. But as she ran, Cupid emptied his little quiver full of arrows into her back and shoulders.

Then Cupid danced in glee at the plight of the disabled little Princes; the moonlight bells on his mantle of pink perfume tinkled joyfully.

'Completely stove in!' he laughed, clapping his hands.

'I isn't mad a bit, I's only hurt,' sobbed the little wounded Princess, clinging to her

mother. 'I love him, even if he *did* hurt me,' she adds."

(Ah, little girl, we all do that, and e'en did the Saviour so).

"Suddenly Cupid remembered he had not an arrow left in his quiver. He held it up to the light and shook it. Not a single arrow remained.

Now this was a great inconvenience, for they were made from the pink cloud of morning, that of the evening not having the same strength and vigor.

He examined his quiver closely. (It was made of the gossamer fairies spin out of love portions when they get too strong and bubble over). No arrow rewarded his search and there was nothing to do but to pluck those out of the little Princess, and this he feared to do, lest, if he approach too closely, he become entangled in her spell and remain with her. (Showing that no matter how invincible a Cupid may be, there are dangers even for Cupid).

But, on the other hand, to wait all day long and all night for the first and third pink of the morning sky was dreadful. Not to shoot an arrow in all day! And all night! This was a predicament Cupid cared not to face. Besides, there was the time it would take to make them. And he had left his scissors (made from some clippings off from the lover's star) up in the clouds one day when he was trying to cut a hole through a cloud which hid that star. Rememdering this he determined to get at least a few of his arrows back again.

So, approaching the little Princess cautiously, he began to remove them, one by one, from her shoulders.

The poor little Princess was clinging to her mother and crying piteously, as little maidens are apt to do when struck by Cupid's shaft.

Now she sobbed so pitifully and so sweetly withal that Cupid took compassion on her, and kissing each little arrow wound, he healed it with a dimple. In doing so, though, a great love for the little Princess came over him and he petted her softly and determined to always remain true to her.

Turning softly round about, the little Princess disclosed the many arrow wounds upon her hands and little tear-stained face.

Cupid gathered those from her hands first, kissing both oft and soft the wounds, leaving them the fullest of dent-pearls a baby's hands had ever been.

Plucking those from cheeks and lips and chin he essayed to put them in the quiver, when the little Princess inquired what that was, and, peering in, dropped it full of star-bright tears.

'Oh! oh!' cried Cupid, putting his little hand over the quiver and hopping about, '*now* I have something to take back to the Fairy Prince!'

'But I want my pretty tears back again,' sobbed the little girl. 'They belong to me.'

'No,' said Cupid stoutly, 'they belong to the little Prince; let him take care of them.'

But the little Princess evidently thought fair exchange was no robbery, for she looked rather wistfully at the two little twinkling stars in Cupid's coronet; they were very brilliant and precious, having been left there as a reward of merit to Cupid for lending aid to Eve in helping her to catch Adam in Paradise—that being a difficult task to accomplish, he being innocent and

she unskilled in the art of flirtation. So, seeing Cupid roaming aimlessly around, she adjured him to assist her, and, nothing loath to subject Adam and subdue him, he being the only man present or available, he, Cupid, lent no end of valuable assistance. For this Eve had cast a glance of approbation at Cupid from both her eyes, and they had landed upon the top of Cupid's little head glistening with unwonted brilliancy.

Now the love bird of Paradise, seeing those two twinkling drops, sighed for them as eggs to sit upon and hatch, and so sought to pluck them off and gather them to herself with her claws. Now in so doing she described a circle, or half moon, about Cupid's head with the claw of her magic forefinger, which struck 'gainst the first glint of starlight from the lover's star, which, as the world and the star were new, had taken it all that while to alight on Paradise--for, you know, earthly Paradise was as far from Heaven then as it is now. Now, this first glint being struck with the love bird's magic finger, slanted off and performed a half circle, or crescent, now called coronet, upon Cupid's little head. That is why the moon is of so much moment in love affairs. And that is how Cupid came to be so powerful an agent in love affairs, because he was baptized and crowned by the lover's star, the love bird of Paradise ordaining him (unconsciously as it were) showing that many, in fact, a *great* many of our good deeds, are done unconsciously. And as it was done covetously, withal, that spirit of covetousness still marks all Cupid's deeds. He cannot shoot an arrow without the one receiving the wound coveting the one in whose name it was shot.

Now as Cupid gave these two priceless gems

from his diadem to the dear little Princess, he told her to have them set and wear them as ear drops, and whenever they twinkled she would receive approbation from every one who gazed upon her.

Now the little Princess was very much pleased at this, for she was a dear little girl and loved to have all those about her whom she loved, love her.

So she receive the gems gratefully, promising faithfully to do as he bade her.

So Cupid, holding his quiver full of tears and his hand full of arrows, hied himself away, leaving the gems of his diadem behind him.

This is why Cupid's escapades since have not always been looked upon with favor, because he had given away the approbative glance which Eve had given him, and he had never since been able to find a glance *quite* so bright as that one shed in the world's early light by the first woman who ever looked upon him.

Proving that the *first* woman who approves of us with unqualified approbation, is always the one who sets a crown upon us. And it also shows why, in the merry olden time, love was *love* and not a business arrangement, or a disagreeable temptation to avoid doing one's duty, or a barrier to gaining higher intellectual growth, as is now often the case.

But Cupid did not grieve for them; it only showed how much he loved the little Prince of Fairyland. And, after all, in Fairyland we will find them again, those same little twinkling drops, twinkling in the ears of the much-sought-after, much coveted little Fairy Queen.

For Cupid hied him away and away, nor stopping until he reached the little Fairy Prince:

not shooting a single arrow in all the way, lest he lose one precious tear out of his quiver full for the little Crown Prince.

Now the dear little Prince of Fairyland listened to all that Cupid said of the little princesses with wounds in their cheeks, chins and lips. It was a marvelous tale. How his little hands clasped and his bright eyes sparkled with interest; and oh! how he wished *he* were out in this world of dimpled sweetness! he could love every *one* of them!!

But when he came to the last little Princess and her quiver full of tears, his own fell in sympathy, and he even chided Cupid for being so cruel to his dear little Princess, who was so sweet and bore it all so patiently—for he looked already upon her as his, and would listen no more to the tales of the others, but bade Cupid tell him again and again of this dear little girl and how she looked and what she said.

And again his tears fell at the recital, and he even examined the place in Cupid's coronet whence the two bright gems had been plucked, and in so doing two of his own tears fell in their place, and, sticking fast, linked Cupid forever to Fairyland.

These tears are why more people weep now than smile when Cupid shoots them.

And the little Prince counted the tears in the quiver, counting them over and over, dreaming of the little Princess who was to come to him, who was to be his, counting and telling them over and over—counting and dreaming of the dear little Princess whom he was some day to find, who was one day to come to him—dreaming and counting them over and over. He told the bright tears like

a rosary, fearing lest he should lose a single tear, begging Cupid's quiver to keep them in. He named them all—pure, sweet, bright drops—Purity, Patience, Innocence, Guilelessness, Sweetness, Kindness, Truth, Faithfulness, Generosity, Good Temper, Serenity, Harmony, Charity, Courtesy, Tenderness, Love, Humility, Unselfishness.

And as he held them in his hand, not one single blemish marred their brilliancy, and their bright rays shot up as though in glad promise that one day all should be his."

As the American visitor finished her story, her glance fell upon the little German Princess lying sound asleep with her reversed "tat" upon the floor.

But the queen mother sat erect, listening.

THE END.

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